

Florence M. Chase.  
Box 1

GO  
YOUR  
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WAY

GEORGE S. ARUNDALE



# GO YOUR OWN WAY

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## A WORD BY WAY OF EXPLANATION

FROM time to time even the most beautiful of instruments need tuning—what to say of others. In January last I found my own poor instrument needed tuning. It was out of tune, unmelodious, unharmonious. I could have gone on playing it in its disharmonious condition, but I should have constantly been making a noise; and there is already enough noise in the world. So I decided to tune the strings of my instrument anew, to tune them a little more in unison with Myself. To this end I went into Retreat, into a meditation, into what I like to call a brooding, and I remained in it for many months. I did this partly because I hate to be out of tune, and partly because there is a special melody I want to play these coming years, and an ill-tuned instrument would ruin it. Not that I claim my instrument now to be in perfect tune. My ear is not yet

perfectly developed. But it plays better than it did, at least I hope it does. I draw my bow across a string or two in this little series of booklets. How do the notes sound to your ears? Do they ring true to you? Or, if your own instrument has been recently tuned, is there, in your judgment, still need of a little adjustment? Or perhaps you have another octave, another chord, another note, in the Universal Scale of Life? I may not agree with you, but what does that matter?

I draw my bow across a string—

No. 1. *Krishnaji: Light-Bringer.*

I draw my bow again—

No. 2. *The Joy of Catastrophe.*

No. 3. *Go Your Own Way.*

No. 4. *Fanaticism—Wholesale and  
Retail.*

No. 5. *Shadows and Mountains.*

No. 6. *Some Intolerable Tyrannies.*

I shall draw my bow again if the above receive sufficient welcome.

GEORGE S. ARUNDALE

## GO YOUR OWN WAY

WHETHER we look at the world from one point of view or from another, we shall agree that we are living in strenuous times. We are living in times, as Mr. Lloyd George once said, in which the life of centuries is compressed into years. This means that we are living at high pressure, and it may not be without significance that a symptom of such high pressure is now discovered in high and low blood pressure in the very physical body itself. We are most in danger of high blood pressure, for it is inevitable that we should live at a very rapid rate, swept along by the swiftly coursing stream of Life, full of the sense of its rapid movement, and translating that sense into hurry and worry and restlessness, until we learn to become one with the stream—flowing with it into the mighty Ocean of Reality.

At such a time as the present there is a natural tendency to exaggerate, to

appraise fantastically, to make mountains out of things which are not even molehills, never to be content with the positive where a superlative could be used, to replace intuitive sense by unbalanced fervour, to be overwhelmed by that which should be possessed. We find it difficult to live simply and naturally. We must always go to extremes. We must be in the midst of whirlpools and storms. Repose deserts us. Devastating unrest pervades us. We approve, we condemn, we live, hastily, extravagantly. The rapidly changing times stir our outer selves into a turmoil, and in that turmoil we dwell until we learn to control it from within rather than to suffer it to be tossed to and fro, at the mercy of outer circumstances.

The whole difficulty lies in the fact that most of us have not been *really* living for a very long time, perhaps for lives. We have been existing. The winds of evolution have blown us now here, now there ; and we have grown, in so far as



we have grown, more in spite of ourselves than because of ourselves. We have drifted, almost unconsciously. With regard to very little of ourselves will the majority of us be able to say: I worked hard to reach this. I had strenuous toil to reach that. It is no doubt true that we have had to work for much now part and parcel of ourselves the price of which in terms of hard work we have probably forgotten. But is there not much into which we have drifted, almost unconsciously?

If we look at ourselves as we are to-day we shall, I think, find that the larger number of our thoughts and feelings are borrowed, hired, stolen, are second-hand furniture—much of it of a very rickety kind, and not at all unlikely to be highly unsuitable to our individual style of architecture. I do not ignore the fact that such thoughts and feelings may come easily to us because in fact they belong to us, because they express fruits of our

own labours, even though they may have come to us from outside so far as regards appearances. But even then do we to-day *know* that they are ours, really ours because we have worked for them, earned them, purchased them at some cost? Do we consciously say: These are my thoughts and feelings. I recognise them as mine. They belong to me. I have given birth to them. They are part of me.

There are doubtless certain thoughts and feelings which we know to be true, that is to say which we know express our truth, even though in this life they may have come to us by a roundabout way. We may know the truth of reincarnation, though we may not remember a past life. We may know of the existence of Masters, even though we may not remember having seen a Master. We may know this or that, even though we may be quite unable to trace the way in which the knowledge has come to us, the various experiences which have led us to a certain truth. We

may well have forgotten the means—why remember these—since it is the end that matters. We may know, yet be quite unable to prove to someone else's satisfaction, or to satisfy some standard of proof laid down by X or Y or Z. We may know without knowing how we know.

But I should like to ask how much there is of thought and feeling which is a matter of laziness and not of conscious effort. I should like to ask how much thought and feeling there is to which we offer hospitality as a matter of expediency, as a matter of convenience, as a matter of investment, in the hope that it may bring a useful return. I should like to ask to what extent we think and to what extent we are thought, to what extent we are creative artists and to what extent we are merely gramophone records. I should like to ask which thoughts and feelings are our own and which are other people's.

I am afraid there is too much in each one of us of the second-hand. And by

second-hand I mean that which is not our own, that which we have not made our own, that which is not part of us through direct experience or perhaps in some measure of vicariousness when we have reached the stage of being able to draw upon this mighty power. By second-hand I mean that which we borrow, that which we put on, in contradistinction to that which we create, to that which arises from within. There is no question of originality. Not even Nature, perhaps, is original. Was God original when He "created" the world? There is presumably a Plan, and that Plan may be full of detail. But it means little or nothing to us, we are simply its slaves, unless and until we evolve it for and in ourselves. There may be only one Plan, but nonetheless are we supremely original to the extent to which the Plan is born, grows, unfolds, within us. There may be but one Destiny, but if we become masters of it, it is *our* Destiny. We possess it. It is

first-hand to us and for us. On the other hand, if we slavishly copy the Plan from the pictures of others the Plan becomes second-hand. The Objective is not a copy but a Creation, and even though both copy and Creation resemble each other, the Creation is real and the copy unreal. At the present time, at all events, our most highly prized possessions must be originality, freedom, individuality, distinction, difference. It is only the first-hand, as I have defined the term, that can ever be first-rate.

The very utmost, the very best, that any book, any discourse, anything second-hand, can do is to arouse our Selves within ourselves. Books, discourses, conversations, and so forth, can help to do this. An idea in a book or in a lecture may arouse in us a tremendous train of splendid thought, or may set us going along a little pathway which shall bring us some day on to a great road. Such is the only value of all external things. No book, no discourse, no

personality, must ever be allowed to become a tyrant. At best they are suggestions—most valuable suggestions no doubt in many cases. But they must stir us, not take possession of us. They may remind us, inspire us, rejoice us, warn us. They must not be allowed to do more. If I will I may follow a Guru, but I am only caricaturing him unless my “following” be supremely the treading of the same road *in my own way*, to my own stride, myself. The only true devotee is he who follows by *creating*. Imitation is but devotion in its infancy, and a very muling and puling infancy it often is.

It is, therefore, highly important that we should continually be investigating ourselves to see how much we are our true selves, to what extent we feel that we are “we” and not others. We must, it seems to me, feel as a well-to-do landlord feels as he gazes over his wide domains: MINE; ALL MINE. I believe in landlordism, in self-landlordism, in everyone being the

proprietor, not through mere inheritance, but through honest toil, of fair and spacious mental and emotional lands. I believe in self-made men, spell the word *self* with small or capital "s" as you will. We must all become self-made men sooner or later, to the end of being at long or at short last SELF-made men. Note, please, that there is no injustice in this, for we are all destined to be landlords. We must all have fair and spacious mental and emotional lands in which to roam and take our ease and achieve ourselves. And continually we must be adding to our estates. Some may at any particular time be greater landlords ; others lesser landlords. But we must all achieve landlordism. We must not for ever be living on the lands of others. We must not be hirelings. Above all, we must not be slaves. I grant that at a certain stage, in the earlier stages of setting out on the road to the earning of our spiritual living, we may first take service with another. We may remain in his service,

or in the service of somebody else, for a considerable extent of time. It may take us long to buy little by little property of our own. But if indefinitely we live on the substance of others we deprive ourselves of the tremendous joy of ownership and self-determination. So long as we live in the homes of others, so long shall we be living more or less at the mercy of their lives, at the mercy, to some extent, of their thoughts and feelings, of their modes of life. Up to a certain point this may be necessary ; but the sooner we become petty landlords on our own the better. There is no question of ingratitude in all this. We shall always be able to say, it will indeed be our duty to say : So and so set me on my feet. Where should I have been without so and so's help and guidance. So and so, an experienced landlord, helped me to acquire my own property, to invest my capital so as to produce the best interest. So and so takes a fatherly interest in me still. I often go to him for advice. I



look upon him as my eternal benefactor . . . All this we shall have the happiness of saying. And yet there will be with it all a sense of Dignity, a sense of Godlikeness, a sense of Freedom, a sense of Power, a sense of Peace: depending for their existence upon our translation from service and subordination in another's house to free proprietorship of our own. Let me repeat again, if perchance I can avert misunderstanding, that independence does not mean isolation. We may build a house and make it part of a village. We may recognise, and subordinate ourselves on all due occasion to, the mayor of the village, to the elders of the village. We may have affectionate reverence for our old schoolmaster and his colleagues. We may, I hope we shall, still recognise them as loved and respected elders whose slightest signal we shall see above earth's throng, to whose slightest whisper we shall give heed above earth's loudest song. Yet we shall be each a

master of a house and home: MINE. ALL  
MINE.

Now in what direction lie the obstacles in the way of gazing upon ourselves and of recognising that our destiny is to be self-made men and women? What is preventing us to-day from becoming self-made men and women? Let me answer this question straightway:

Between each one of us, or the majority of us, and the proud possessorship of property of our own lies—Subservient, enslaving, unvirile, devitalising acquiescence in the external authority of

- (a) Persons and persons,
- (b) words and phrases and books,
- (c) ideas;

this leading in due course to aggressive, intolerant, cold and inquisitorial fanaticism;

this leading in due course to an inevitable, though not formal, establishment of a Mutual Incitement Fellowship, whose members stimulate in each other an intensification of the obstacles enumerated above, each member adding fuel to the enslavement and fanaticism of the others.

The effect of such stimulation is to induce hardness in those affected, as well as merciless and malicious vivisection of those who in any way do not echo their particular sentiments, in the course of which kindness, goodwill, generosity, understanding, are banished, and cruelty reigns as a maleficent usurper.

There we have a general statement of the position as I see it. I almost shudder to think of the vast amount of unthinking subservience to authority in the greater number of members of the human kingdom. We begin with unthinking slavery to the vague word GOD, and thence right down to the humblest idea there is a limitless progression of subserviencies and fanaticisms in the most varied garbs and presentations. We seem so to be constituted that we must set up something and worship it, it does not appear to matter much what we set up or how we worship it. And having set something up, our pride demands that the heads of others should be made to bow to the ground before it as

do ours. We set up an idea, a dogma, a doctrine, a person, a book, a thought, a word, a phrase, a sentiment, a manifestation of that kind of commercialised thought which we call public opinion, public conscience, convention, and so forth. We set one or more of these upon the altar of expediency and worship it or them with a fervour worthy of a better cause. This is done everywhere. There are no exceptions whatever, or at most a small handful. I know of no movement in which people are not hard at work at this business, and who do not, in many cases, regard themselves as the very antithesis of all that is idolatrous ; this because their idols are new instead of old, unusual instead of usual. If those who bow down before wood and stone are heathen, then the whole world is heathen, for though the substance of the image may be neither wood nor stone it is an image nonetheless, and often far less beautiful, even far less true, than any image carved of wood or stone.

Their objects of worship may be really most wonderful. There may be the very greatest advantage to be obtained from adoring them—assuming that adoration has a definite value, as I feel sure it has. Yet to try to compel admiration, to dragoon an individual into worship, is the height of folly and unwisdom. I would rather an individual blasphemed honestly than cringed hypocritically. We hate to have the objects of our own admiration criticised and regarded with contempt. But such hatred is almost always a matter of personal pride. We are hurt, therefore we hate. Is it not enough, more than enough, to know that criticism and contempt recoil on those who give expression to them, and fall harmlessly upon those towards whom they are directed? It is painful to hear those whom we love and revere the subject of irreverent treatment. But this pain should be more in the nature of compassion for the irreverent than anger against them. You have something that

some others have not. You know something that others do not. Why be annoyed with them because they are more ignorant or are poorer? You say they *ought* to know better? Who are you to know what they ought and what they ought not to know? Why endeavour to force others to conform to your own standards, however true these may in fact be even for all? Mind your own business. Leave others alone. Refrain from vulgarly criticising them behind their backs. Let them grow towards the Light in their own way. Help them respectfully if you can, if such help be not intrusive or unwelcome. But do learn, I beg of you, to be very nice indeed, honestly nice, to the nonconformist, and even to, may I say even more to, the renegade. (The test of the value of your objects of adoration lies in the mellowing effect they have upon your own character.) If you remain hard, haughty, exclusive, superior, contemptuous, dictatorial, while

worshipping them, then all I can say is that either you are a pretty poor worshipper, or your objects of worship do not amount to very much when all is said and done. And generally the former statement is truer than the latter.

Having said this, I should like it to be understood that I am not prepared to declare that at no time in human evolutionary progress is there no occasion for such subservience, such idol-worship. Nor do I suggest that it is not in the nature of things that many of us should ever have a private Olympus of our own, peopled with Objects of our own selection. Perhaps most of us need an Olympus of some kind. Possibly the whole world or Universe may be to a few a veritable Olympus, every living thing a God, or, shall we say, God, Life, Magnificence. But my point is that every Olympus, however populated, is at best a means to an End, is at best a Collection—I have spelt the word with a capital “C” as a concession to those who

lay much stock by their Olympuses—of beautiful, magnificent, awe-inspiring Objects, whose fundamental service is to remind us that all Life is beautiful, magnificent, awe-inspiring, add any adjectives of this kind you like; and therefore to remind us of our own beauty, our own magnificence, our own splendour. There is no objection, I think, to each one of us having a private Olympus of his own, provided it performs these functions, and provided also that we do not lash ourselves into a fury if someone else does not derive from our own Olympus the same inspiration as we do ourselves. An Olympus is strictly private, strictly exclusive, non-transferable. If any particular Olympus helps, well, it is all to the good; but no Olympian owner should expect his Olympus to do more than it can do, than it ought to do. By all means let me have a museum, but I must not expect other people to admire the objects therein, any more than I must



be expected to go into raptures over the objects in someone else's museum. Now I do hope that in putting my beliefs in this way I have not been hurting anyone's feelings, that I have not gone about the expression of my views as if walking in a Hindu or Mussalman Temple with my shoes on, or in a Christian Temple with my hat on. (I have my own Olympus, and in it as Gods are revered Teachers, beloved friends, a supremely cherished Reality. These Objects are to me sacred. They are in my heart. Yet each Object is all the time reminding me of the supreme Truth that the whole universe is an Olympus and that every object in it is God.) As I grow my Olympuses change. Will a time ever come for me to reach a final Olympus? I do not know. But I do know that as these Olympuses change each succeeding Olympus seems supremely magnificent, even though one is well aware that it is only a rung on the Olympic ladder, and one may even be able to see to what

kind of Olympus one is moving. One glories in the thought of Olympuses of ever-growing majesty and beauty, even though the reigning Olympus be soul-stirring. Sufficient unto the day is the Olympus thereof, but part of the "sufficiency" lies in the sense of its being but a stepping stone to Olympuses of greater wonder still. And in the midst of these changes one never loses altogether the delight of the Olympuses of old, the Olympuses of one's childhood, of one's youth, of one's early manhood, of one's later years: the memory of these gives them eternal life, and in the Olympus which may happen to be reigning one traces these older friends which have magnificently added the glory that was theirs to the glory that is now, so that one may pass from glory to glory, losing naught, ever adding, never subtracting.

I wanted to make this clear, lest a reader draw the conclusion that I argue for the ruthless destruction of all forms,

that I inveigh against gods of whatever kind. I do no such thing. But I inveigh against slavish subservience to any god whatever. I say : Have your gods. But let their main function be increasingly to remind you that *you* are a God, that you *are* God, and to hasten you to the expression of your Divinity. God forbid that they should arm you to tyranny, to persecution, to denunciation and contempt. Furthermore, the moment you become narrow and proud, the moment your Olympus is the only Olympus, and you say that other people shall have no other Olympuses before your Olympus, from that time forth you walk in your own Olympus with shoes on your feet and hat on your head, you desecrate it, you have forgotten the supreme truth that any form, however exalted, is at most a particularisation of the Universal Life, you isolate and imprison Freedom, and your Olympus shall break into pieces, leaving you desolate until you learn to treat an Olympus as an Olympus should

be treated. For myself, when I come across the term GOD, when I read of His Mighty Will, of His Splendid Universe, of His Wisdom, of His Love, I say to myself: My Mighty Will, My Splendid Universe, My Wisdom, My Love. And if the connotations of these words be at variance with the facts of my life then the splendid meaning of GOD for me is—Change, Become. GOD? What am I if not GOD? There cannot be GOD if I am not He. Is He not the mirror in which is reflected the Eternal Myself? Does He not declare to me all that I am? What is the function of GOD if not to unfold in me Divinity? What is the purpose of GOD if not to remind me I am Divine? And the function of an Olympus is to incite its possessor to ascend to Olympian heights. Nothing more, nothing less. The most splendid attributes we ascribe to anyone or to anything we may truly ascribe to ourselves. How splendid if in a sudden “conversion”—using this word in its

mystical sense—we could take upon ourselves the attributes we assign to that which is outside of us! How splendid if we spent some of the time in the course of which we marvel at others, in marvelling with dignity at ourselves! So often we hear people overflowing with enthusiasm with regard to so and so, available adjectives hardly seem adequate to their need. There is no harm in it, but how much more practical if they *became themselves*. “Wonderful! Wonderful!! Wonderful!!!” they cry. Yes, but you are no less wonderful. You can become that which you admire, for you *are* that which you admire. True reverence lies in becoming yourselves. No greater testimony to the mighty power of the teacher, no greater testimony to the true understanding of the student. There is not a little danger for some of us of becoming lost in admiration, positively and definitely lost—so much lost, indeed, that we become unable to find even the true purpose of admiration. We

can only safely become "lost" in admiration if we are so full of admiration that the Life within us stirs, unfolds, to grow into a splendid stature of its own, if every particle of our being becomes afire with its own Divinity. So to be lost in admiration, as, I am afraid, many people are, that they grope blindly about in it, become intoxicated with it, become drugged by it, thus to lose all sense of their own High Purposes, of the Great Ends to which they are destined, is to stultify the very life and soul of admiration. Admiration should not lull us to sleep, but galvanise us into electric energy. Admiration should not make us copy, but inspire us to create. Admiration should less teach us to follow, more stir us to *be*. I dare to say that it is in the nature of things that we should make poor copies of others, or at the best lifeless copies; but it is no less in the nature of things that we should make splendid Gods of ourselves, each after his own pattern of the Godhead. Admiration

is but a reminder to us that we should be about our own business. In ecstasy we may cry aloud of the object of our adoration : He is this. He is that. He is the other. But we honour him best if his own splendour irresistibly moves us to become our own "this," our own "that," our own "the other". Some may say : No. I am content to become like him. I reply : You cannot become supremely like him. You can become a little like him. You can become like him in the sense that there is but the One Life. You are like him even now. But you can become supremely yourselves ; and I exhort you to free yourselves from your prisons so that you may follow yourselves wheresoever they may lead you. If they seem to lead you away, let them so lead you. In reality, there is no going away, but there is difference. Through difference alone can we, I venture to say, discover Identity. We must learn to be different in order that we may be the same. To try to be the same

without becoming different, even so far as it is at all possible to be the same, is to begin to die. To be different is to be alive. When we have identified Difference with Non-Difference we shall have reached a stupendous Goal. In the mean time, let us be busy both with Difference and with Non-Difference, learning to use each, learning to harmonise the one with the other. But let us beware of that Indifference which is the negation of both.

For myself, my own intention is as far as I may to go my own way, and in the preceding pages I have been endeavouring to point out the inevitability of this for true progress. I must fashion myself, however much I may derive help in such self-fashioning from the world without. I must be Real and not Unreal. But is not the Real that which is home-made, and the Unreal that which is foreign-made? Absolutely, there may be no distinction between the Real and the Unreal, between home-made and foreign-made. But



relatively, and we are living in a realm of the relative, there is all the distinction in the world. Other people may declare that everything is foreign-made, so it is hopeless to avoid it. I do not agree, unless foreign and home are metaphysically identified. I say I can create, and that what I create is my Real. Others may deny my power to create. But what does that matter? If I have the joyous sense of creating, I am, for myself, creating. That which others postulate about me, or would seek to impose upon me, can be of little importance to me compared with my own experience. They may say: "You can't." If I feel I can, then I can.

The Real in me, then, is self-made, home-made. The Unreal is foreign-made, borrowed capital on which I pay interest in terms of tendency to lethargy, and which sooner or later I must unload. One cannot continue indefinitely living on borrowed qualities, on borrowed powers. A crow cannot go on for ever looking

like a peacock. But he can become a peacock. There may be very little Real in me, and it may be of poor quality. There may be a vast quantity of Unreal. But *I* am in the Real. The Real is Myself. The Unreal is nothing more than furniture I borrow to fill empty rooms in my skeleton house until I am able to supply them with furniture of my own. It may be argued whether second-hand furniture is better than no furniture at all. Sometimes I think it is. But home-made, self-made furniture must take its place at the earliest possible moment. And let there be fashioned only the bare necessities. Rooms overcrowded even with self-made furniture are stultifying to free movement. Space is as necessary to growth as substance, I think more necessary. (Just a few pieces of thought-furniture, of feeling-furniture—pieces that can serve innumerable purposes.)

Now let me work this out in my own way. Let me assume I am to all outward appearances a splendid person. I am truthful.

I am devoted. I am clever. I am upright from all points of view. I conform to all standards. But why am I truthful? Why am I devoted? Why am I clever? Why am I upright? Am I all these things simply because I am *afraid* of not being truthful, because I am *afraid* of not being devoted, because I am *afraid* of not being clever and upright? Is it because I feel I ought—how I dislike the word “ought”—to be all these things? Is it because some one asks me to be all these things, so I become these things for his or her sake? What place have fear, a sense of duty, a desire to please, in individual attitude and expression. I say that all the qualities which I display out of fear, as an investment, or simply out of a desire to please, are not real qualities of my own. They are merely borrowed toys, shadows, with which I play, and the only value of them lies in the hope I shall so much enjoy playing with them that I shall want to make toys for myself. No child enjoys the ready-made

toy half as much as he enjoys the toy he makes himself. He can go on indefinitely playing with toys he has made, be they ever so crude and ugly. But the splendid foreign toy, marvellously constructed, will satisfy only for a short while. He will pull it to pieces to see how it is made, and if he be a child of some development he will become inspired to make something for himself with his own hands. And even though this be but a caricature, it will be part of himself, and a stepping stone to inventions of his own no less splendid than the toy given to him. It is the same with ourselves. What we make for ourselves may last indefinitely, that which is made for us lasts but for a little while. What we make for ourselves rejoices us, satisfies us, until we make something better. That which is made for us, over which we have had little trouble, has far less value.

But suppose I have some of these qualities because I want to have them. Suppose I

am some of these things naturally. Am I not then far more Real? Outwardly I may not be nearly so splendid. I may lack some of the qualities which the outwardly splendid person may be wearing. But how truly fine that something in me, be it but little and humble, should be really me, should be sterling, hall-marked with the impress of Myself. Even if some of me be second-hand, and therefore of no permanent intrinsic value, the existence even of a modicum of the Real shall in its own due time make me Real all through. I do not want to be a synthetic diamond. I want to be a natural diamond. I may have to be a rough diamond at first. I may be so rough that the synthetic diamond will turn up its respectable nose at me. The synthetic diamond will say: "I was never rough." But other rough diamonds will understand; and supreme will be the understanding of the natural diamond, resplendent in all its glory, which has known what it is to be rough, which knows

that roughness inevitably precedes polish, that roughness is only of the surface and never of the heart. And perchance the natural diamonds may be wicked enough to say to the synthetic diamond: "My dear friend, you never were rough, for you never were anything. You are not really a diamond at all. But some day you will break yourself, or be broken to pieces. You will resolve yourself into the heart of things. Then you will really begin to be a diamond, and you will see that temporary roughness is only a stage in the joy of self-discovery."

So I must go my own way. I must have my own Olympus. I will people it as I choose. I will dwell in the Temple of my Truth, ever ready to receive criticism, ever ready to reconstruct my Temple, ever ready to study plans for the construction of a nobler Temple, ever ready to make the gods therein more beautiful, more splendid, more true. But I shall only change because I want to change. I shall

not change simply to please somebody else, simply because authority descends upon me. I may be told that my idols are worthless, that my Temple is ugly, untrue, unreal. I may be told: "Look at the wonderful Temples other people round you are building. Why not build your own Temple like their Temples." Or I may be told: "Why build a Temple at all? Is not the world a Temple? Is not Life a Temple? Why something less?" I shall thankfully listen, but I shall never be happy unless that in which I live is self-made, home-made, is my very own, is the fruit of my own creative genius. Even if the world becomes my Temple, or worlds beyond, it will be because I have made it or them, because they have become Myself or I have become them. Who knows? Perchance the world is already my Temple, and my present Olympus but a special chamber therein. But I have my Olympus, a delightful garden in which I wander and thrill to the glory of the flowers therein.

I wish I dared describe to you the beauty of these flowers. Some of them I know you already have in your own Olympian gardens. But some you may not have, either because you do not know of their beauty, you may not know them to exist, you may prefer other flowers, or possibly because you feel you ought to prefer domestic flowers to wild flowers, flowers with obvious and conventional beauty rather than flowers whose beauty can only be perceived when diligently sought, and not always then by everybody, whose beauty is strange and rare. I dare not describe my garden lest some say: "Why have you this flower? Why do you not have that flower? You have no business to have this. You have no business not to have that." If I open the gates of my garden you may trample upon some of my flowers, and you may sneer at the absence of other flowers. You shall not enter my garden with your shoes on, and your hat on your



head. My garden is for myself and kindly, reverent friends.

So I go on my own way. But there is no loneliness on my way. It is wonderfully redeemed from all loneliness by the Mystery of there being only One Way. I go my own way, yet travel upon the One Road. I travel upon the One Road *because I go my own way.* Realise, I beg of you, that in declaring that I must go my own way I am not raising a standard of revolt and insurrection except against all that in me may be other than Myself, against all that in me may be imposed upon me from without. I must take my rise from within. It is impossible to take it from without, though I am most gratefully conscious of stimulus from without, and I may temporarily borrow that which some day I shall make my own. I perceive that *my* way, therefore the One Way, is from within, that I have been travelling outside myself on many roads, on many by-paths,

down many blind alleys, that I must step off all these and seek the main road of my being. I am not leaving my friends. I am making the friendship between us imperishable. I am not rejecting or renouncing aught save that which is unreal in me, destroying those bars and fast-closed doors and windows which shut Me out from myself—from the Myself which shines from without, from the Myself which shines from within. I am but pulling down those barriers which prevent Myself both from freely going out and from freely coming in.

I hold, and the whole of my being rejuvenated in the course of that general process of Self-discovery which is the subject of this series of pamphlets endorses my conviction, that I am nearer than ever before to my Truth, to the great Causes we serve, and to all comrades, friends, elders. These may think I am farther away. I can never be farther away when I sense increasing nearness to Reality.

They must, then, think what they will.  
There is less, far less, between me and  
these than ever there has been before.  
There is less of myself than there was, and  
therefore less of barrier and separation.  
There is more of Myself, and therefore  
more of unifying Life.

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